

PIONEER PRESS

A monthly newsletter created by the residents, for the residents.

Fourth Edition, March-April 2008

poetry

On the Other Side of the Moon © 2007
By Shawn Akin Claitt

I'll be waiting there for you
On the other side of the moon
I'll be waiting there for you
On the other side of the moon



When the wind blows
That's when my love grows cold
Because your arms are not here
To keep me warm
And it hurts more than you know
On the other side of the moon

When we said our lonely goodbyes
That's when the moon decided to cry
Because you let me go
Without telling me why
And that's the night my dreams
Started to die
On the other side of the moon

So many promises were said
That's why I can't believe
My love was misled
Because even though you're gone
And the days go by
I still keep good thoughts
Of you in my head
On the other side of the moon

Those warm kisses we used to share
That's why I am so love sick
Because you are not here
Because my greatest fear is your not being
here and I can't find your love anywhere. It
hurts, it hurts, I swear
You said your love will always be there
On the other side of the moon

So I guess it's fair to say that
You never really cared and all the pleasant
dreams that we shared
On the other side of the moon

Spring
By Florence Blankenship

The climate is changing. I slam open the window and spring kisses me in the face. The melting of winter snow and the mild rainy season is upon us. Nature awakens in spring, when flowers bloom and hibernating animals leave their winter sleeping places. The snakes of the fields push against plants, rock, twigs and tend to mate, like the birds, in the spring. Snakes love to warm themselves in the sun. The gorgeous colors and sweet song of birds charms us all, particularly in the spring. The farmers, with the help of their children, start planting their crops in the spring. Birds help farmers by eating insects that attack their crops. Birds are amazing because they are free in that they can fly. They soar like acrobats in the sky. We witness all this in the spring.



Photosynthesis

By Jeffrey Moore

I Loathe and detest the establishment!
 Like a sore, I fester and begin a growth. Is
 this growth healthy like a nice fern or
 ficus? Or is it rough like a dry prickly
 cactus? The establishment is the soil I'm
 planted in, was I dropped off here- just
 accidentally. Or was it by some sinister
 plan, evil in circumstance, cruel in nature
 the growth continues on. With all my
 growing pains, I find that there is a
 fertilizer in this rugged soil. As the tails of
 wondering felines caress my blooming-
 budding foliage; I'm gawked and cawed at
 by useless old crows, whom only
 satisfaction come from depleting and
 inflecting pain upon my branches. As I
 endure growth's woes, I notice that not
 only are the ol' crows parasitic in nature,
 but the felines rob me of my scabs
 whisking them off to a resting place of
 their own, starting this vicious cycle all
 over . It's only natural that I figure out the
 fertilizer is enough to keep me sprouting
 with the establishment! A quick fix!
 Keeping me in line with the establishment.
 Is this right? Can anyone correct my
 wrongs? Until then, I still Loathe and
 Detest the establishment.



Will You Take the Nails Out the Cross?

© 2007

By Shawn Akin Claitt

If He asked you, would you follow him, to
 set your soul free?

And you tried every door and you found
 only He has the key.

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

When you're not ashamed to let the world
 see your tears run free,

When you're chastised by people for
 wanting to be as humble as His sheep.

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Out the cross, out the cross

When the cost of freedom is high but you
 pay any price,

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

When friends look away and you have lost
 your way, will you trust and believe He will
 fulfill all your needs?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

When you're not afraid to embrace the
 dark of your broken heart

Knowing He can fill your emptiness with
 tenderness. Will you stand on His word
 even when it may hurt?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Will you take the nails out the cross?

Séance of the Sun

By Jason Mintel

Litter flows thick and oozing in the back filter
estuaries where life began

The current of meandering streams is
barnacled to pilings and wholesale cans of
baked beans

buy grenades \$5 a pop with Raisin Bran
kids are starving and the war needs to feed
gasoline prices fuel the economy – burn the
trees – yes, they explain patiently, each
landmine we plant is a seed to harvest a
greater machinery – of course we are sane
and politically correct, but is senility
hereditary? I forget.

Space is only defined by walls built to
imprison it

My moon is swallowed by an oyster clam
I am sitting in a fortress built to keep
emptiness inside

walls grow thicker daily in my living room
prison

the freedom delegates snuck a nail file
inside an apple pie they baked for me– I got
a pedicure and watched TV.

Don't sell your stars to be packaged in jars
rented out to the zombies who line the bars
and pay any price to feel the light once more
Waging war of relentless bloodlust with
glass jet fighters and paper tanks
Rain falls against the cement thick - the
walls repel it

as thirsty men deep inside laugh at its weak
attempt to reach them

I see men spend their whole life to construct
the biggest tomb

The voice and wind of nature must not
disturb the interior

of the shelled nut - The client who
passionately puts on his collar
And begins the race of pacing

I am paid to lie still in my coffin
To keep silent and not move
The moneys good - my job as a stiff pays
the bills
But work is killing me

I wonder why men only feel free in their
closets confined

To disrobe their mind up the giant's
beanstalk

Do they fear we will see that they have
faults?

guilt and regret claim the man who raises
the pen he signed on for life and stabs
himself dead – signature in red on his
forehead - wailing tears shed by the mother
bears – who's cubs lay fallen around her in
the parking lot of Wal-Mart and wells up in
the voice of all pain – moaning - until the
big-rig truck drowns her out - I can not forget
– never let it out of my head- the child who
lives in famine outside the walls who's bread
was taken to supply the factory with grants
to research a headless chicken growing 6
drumsticks – in the mall elevator I think of
the child before the doors close – he follows
me everywhere I go

Locked up in a greyhound bathroom stall is
a picture of a hawk someone scratched in
that says "breathe freely – stink at no
charge"

A ladder leads Inside our heart to the
outside of the universe – the world's not at
fault because the love one rung up- it is a
good start

wings are drawn with crayons – eyebrows
into wings flap back rising as the hawk flies
out our head- Embrace the moment brother
as she rubs against you sweetly - Do not
argue the moment of time to the stream
it clicks in his mind and suddenly he is free -
at the hotel they find no forced signs of entry
– just party hats and three slices of
chocolate cake



Sober

By Flower Morrison

All my heart goes out to Les Paul.
He believes if you are drunk it is the last
call for alcohol. Better stop before you
fall. You don't have to drink to rock n'
roll, sooner or later it's gonna take its
toll. Justa pains in your soul.

I love to be sober,
I love to be sober.
I changed my thinking.
I don't miss drinking
Making money now,
I'm straight and how.
I love to be sober.
I love to be sober.
Oh yes, Jesus.

Alcohol can be ball, but the longer your
lie goes more turmoil. Les Paul is no
con, In Reno Nevada he started Alanon.
His band rented a place for the
alcoholics. They had a smash, raised
some cash. The band lent a helping
hand. Non profit, it was a hit. Les Paul
is a friend to all. Praying to God, drug
abuse will end. That's the message to
send.

I love to be sober,
I love to be sober.
I changed my thinking.
I don't miss drinking
Making money now,
I'm straight and how.
I love to be sober.
I love to be sober..
Oh yes, Jesus
Oh yes, Jesus

The Circus**By Pamela Davis**

On Friday, February 29, 2008 my
morning started out very relaxed and
fun-filled. I was in a van lined up in a
convoy and headed to the circus.
When I arrived at the circus, the fun
had just gotten a little better than the
ride. It all started inside the
Hampton Coliseum. The Big Top! – I
was here and had been waiting for
this day for a long time. The
Ringling Brothers and Barnum &
Bailey Circus started out with the
National Anthem – one of my
favorites. The show then got
underway with the clowns; Pepe and
Royo. We then met Ringmaster
Chuck with a beautiful red hat, and
Tom Tastic who tried to steal the
show throughout the whole circus.
My favorite clown act was Tom
Tastic and his bubbles. The
acrobats were very graceful and
pretty. Some of them hung from
their mouth pieces and one hung
from her hair. I loved the elephants
and the little show they did. It
wouldn't be a circus without the
elephants and peanuts. During the
break, I had some yummy nachos to
eat and a bite of a pretzel. It was
good. The tigers were beautiful and
I loved their roars. My favorite part
about the dog show was when they
chased the discs and then snapped
them up. I liked the mini horses and
thought they were pretty. I loved the
waving of all the circus members at
the end of the circus. I was in a van
convoy some of the way back to the
hospital and was dropped off at my
building.

Where's the coffee?

by Jason Mintel

Something's been brewing on the back burner of Eastern State patients. Is it motivation? – improved quality of life? - Is it non-judgmental respect and trust? - in our own decisions and the freedom to choose? - and if wrong, to learn from our own mistakes? - No, it is Decaf coffee and powdered juice.

Every day both young and old people enjoy coffee from all over the world. After thousands of studies it has become clear that drinking up to 5 cups a day is not harmful, in fact, findings show caffeinated coffee is even beneficial to our health.

Studies show caffeinated coffee:

- reduces risk of Alzheimer's Disease.
- Can help relieve migraine headaches by countering blood vessel dilation in the head, Anacin and Excedrin contain 120 milligrams of caffeine, same as one hefty cup of coffee.
- Found to prevent asthma.
- Prevent cavities with its antibacterial and anti-adhesive properties.
- Reduce risk of colon cancer by 25%.
- Showed an 80% drop in liver cirrhosis risk.
- Does not affect our dream state of sleep.

Coffee can cause you to ignore fatigue and recruit extra units of muscle for intense athletic performance and may even directly cause muscles to produce stronger contraction. Caffeine can positively enhance athletes' performance for sprinting, or strength, or endurance. Also studies show children who drink coffee with milk are less likely

to have depression, and in reasonable amounts, coffee is not in any way harmful.

With these new results in hand, is there any sane logical explanation to continue to restrain Eastern State patients from drinking caffeinated coffee? Couldn't patients have access to a coffee maker or perhaps buy coffee at a little coffee shop counter? Coffee is a lot healthier than the soda and soft drinks for sale. Help promote coffee health awareness and reduce the bad stigma associated with Eastern State coffee drinkers. Having decaf or no coffee at all is a morning rising while the sun lies dead, a dawn breaking without light. It is a cruel tease, can you see this?



Where is the help?

André Tucker

Why are you stepping out of the box for this job? Who's right and who's wrong? I'm tired of seeing the physical output of DSA handling the patients like "street brawls." What is therapeutic about that? Here at ESH security is lacking, I've never caused any major problems and I see this is a problem for the safety of my peers and me. At Central State Hospital, there were suited securities on the wards at all times. Maybe the more acute wards need this. I know it's costly to add more security, but it's a necessity to have. Well I'm going to end this on a peaceful note and that is it will be a lot safer with security here to help out in this area. Be safe you brave DSAs.

FAVORITE FOODS SONG

(To the tune of "Take Me Home, Country Roads" by John Denver)

**Written by members of the CAP program
in Music Therapy, 3/3/08**



Verse 1:

Tasty potato chips, delicious medium-rare steak
Just thinkin' 'bout them makes my stomach rumble
Goin' to Red Lobster, or even Hardee's
And when I want a lot of food I bring a friend to Golden Corral

Chorus:

Favorite foods—pizza and iced tea,
Hamburgers and pickles, ham and cheese
Favorite foods, I love to cook them
They fill my tummy and taste so yummy

Verse 2:

All my memories of the summer
Family barbecue, packin' for a picnic
Chicken salad sandwich packed for my lunch
Yummy taste of tacos, I smile while I munch
(Chorus)

Bridge:

I make some pancakes in the morning time for breakfast
Some butter or some syrup on my nice fresh bacon & eggs
And headin' off to work I get the feelin' that I'm hopin' lunch time
Gets here soon, can't wait for noon!
(Chorus)

St. Patrick's Day

By Jeffrey Moore

Did you kiss someone Irish? How about look for a three leaf clover, oh wait, did you even pinch those not wearing green? March 17th is Saint Patrick's Day. In America these are a few ways this day is celebrated. Through lots of ale and festive parades, the true meaning of St. Patrick's Day has been forgotten. I'll inform you that Saint Patrick is a real person. He is known for driving all the snakes out of Ireland. This symbolized the end to most pagan worship in Ireland. Though there aren't any snakes in Ireland and possibly never were, due to the land bridge and the ice age, St. Patrick, met the Druids at Tara and abolished their pagan rituals. Saint Patrick is the patron saint and apostle credited for bringing Christianity to Ireland. So before you follow the rainbow to that pot of leprechaun's gold, remember this March 17th is traditionally the day held for spiritual renewal and prayer offering worldwide for missionaries. Ayi Lads and Lassies!!!

[Http://www.st-patricks-day.com](http://www.st-patricks-day.com)





Shout- Outs By André Tucker

I would like to acknowledge one of the friendliest people here at ESH. Barbara Weber. Not only is she outgoing but she's active in the educational opportunities here at ESH.

On the Retirement of Mr. T By Natilie Roof

There will be special people that you will hold in high regard. People that can touch you and show that it's okay. That is a lot to say. No fancy words are needed. It's not a science in school that they completed. They have a way about them. A way that is given to someone for the sake of being sincere. Nothing is more important than people. People who need that extra smile. The people that need to be pushed that extra mile. You know, that is just their style. A role model is hard to find and the wisdom to turn on that switch at the end of the tunnel. Reaching for the guidance and there is a man. In this case this man has embraced the obstacles that present a barrier by what life has shown them. He understands that it isn't personal. It's just scary to be in a place like this. Rejected and suspected is no joke. And this is what he knew. More or less he knew already what to do to keep it cool. He says "Let them come to you". There isn't anything to press. And he is right; he proved it right for 30 years he made this about the patients. We care that he cares, and this had an unimaginable difference to the people he touched. He was a friend and confidant. He made

himself available to devote his time, his energy, his wanting to do for us and giving some comfort. That spells trust. So this is why I make such a fuss that our Mr. T is retiring. He is such a phenomenal person. His family role is just as important as his role in our care. The love is there. There will only be a handful of genuine givers who aren't ever going to boast or brag. But I am sure he knows he couldn't have gotten all these fans over the years if he didn't have a gift. The shoe fits Mr. T. I say this with tears and with glee, your presence here at this hospital for 30 years will be known for years to come. I interviewed him and I see his face, and it says "I did what I thought was right and I stuck to my guns." There was something he told me that was the icing on the cake. What he said was "In all the years I've been here, I have never been personally attacked." That is absolutely the proof that someone can go 30 years being the type of person that is in every way respectful and caring. Not just 99%, that's 100 % on that plaque on the wall. Mr. Anthony Turner stand tall. You said it all. "BE generous and patient. Don't be pressuring or belligerent. Lend a hand just because you understand. There's always another plan. Go the distance because you can. Not because it's on your agenda but because others need you. Cut these people some slack, look what they have been through, what if it were you?" People have to open their eyes. There is so much to see. So many people are missing him and will miss him indefinitely. He will be missing us. We love you Anthony Turner and always will. Thank you for every single day of those 30 years.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor;

The Pioneer Press, in a few short months, has come a long way from your first two-page December 2007 edition to the ten-page February-March 2008 edition.

You are to be commended for all your hard work, more so, for the heart and self-revealing openness of your poetry. It is beautiful. The graphics, layout, and professionalism are impressive.

Your newsletter is the first in the sixteen years I have been here. My hope is you will continue this important work as it does give the residents a voice, a place to express themselves, and to share valuable information. I will be encouraging more staff to take the time to read it and appreciate how very good it is. Staff too, are learning to recover - to recover from the many, many years of "care taking" instead of "partnership". We are getting "it" little by little and hope you will be patient with us.

Congratulations on the Pioneer Press, it is a huge success and clearly a heartfelt product on behalf of our residents.

Many thanks!!

Sincerely,

John M. Favret

Hospital Director

What Recovery Means to Me

By Lisa James

Recovery means getting back a loved one you lost or the things that matter a lot; be that material or spiritual. Uniting with old friends and family. Also meeting new family members and making new friends.

Recovery doesn't just mean refraining from drugs or being medication-compliant. Recovery can mean making things good or bad. So stay focused and plan a good recovery be it drug-free, medication maintenance, or staying in touch with friends/family and especially your higher power.



The Dream Shop By Jason Mintel

Hi, I am a boy in Kenya Africa. I am malnourished and drink from dirty unsanitary water, but I am changing that. I now have an alternative to sweat shops and poverty. I fight to end disease and build wells, and to become educated. I can now work in safe and humane conditions making beautiful hand-crafted pictures and figures from dried banana leaves. I have a dream.

Hi, I am a Mayan girl in Guatemala. We have been ravaged by 30 years of civil war and suffering, where violence and devastation have created long term damage to our community. My people are the poorest and victims of rampant discrimination. I work in the traditional labor-intensive method of weaving on a backstrap loom where one side is attached to the roof beam and the other side to my body. I struggle as my hope sings, for a splinter of sunlight. I am singing for my voice to be heard, still in the dark, waiting to be seen. I have a dream.

Hi, I am a Maasai man in Africa. I labor continually to carve wood crafts with a knife and to make beautiful jewelry from bead, bone and wood. I work in a community participating with a development partnership to empower my people to take care of ourselves. I have a dream.

The Dream Shop is a Fair Trade craft retailer operated by ESH resident volunteers. Laura Dollieslager, the coordinator explains, "We sell items on behalf of organizations who work to ensure that artisans are paid a living wage, working under humane conditions. We go a step further, returning (90%) retail profits to improve education, health care, shelter and quality of life for impoverished people in Guatemala, Kenya, and Mexico. Volunteering is a therapeutic activity because helping other people is a great way to help yourself and to connect with the

community, taking pride in using your strengths. Volunteers take one or more weekly shifts lasting for an hour and 45 minutes. Upcoming community activities include an Earth Day celebration at William and Mary and a Wellness Exposition. If you're interested in volunteering you can come and see me or call me at 4203 or 4575, or talk to your treatment team."

When asked why there is no large sign at the store, Laura says, "That's a good question because customers often complain that we're hard to find. Even some ESH staff don't know about us! We used to have a large sign at the entrance of ESH. We've asked for another one and would like to have a bigger sign for the front of the shop, too."

It's easy to foster an attitude of out of sight out of mind, but until we wake up, the hope of the people in Kenya and Guatemala will remain only a dream. The crafts and traditionally fascinating artworks of these indigenous people have deep roots in cultural ancestry of all walks of life. They spiritually enrich us all. In the strength of the people whose hands have invested so much compassion and love in every bead and brush stroke made, we should all buy something from the Dream Shop, not only as a fountain of beauty and good karma and usefulness, but also a reminder of the dream of hope being spun from looms that are not forgotten.



Questions and Answer

By Jeffrey Moore

Q: Who handles aggressive patients besides DSAs, and do DSAs feel over worked with aggressive patients?

~Anonymous

A: I was told that aggressive patients are handled by any available staff. As for the second part of the question, a survey conducted in building 2 indicates that some DSAs feel burnt out while others say it's all in a day's work.

Q: What is the most effective method in handling aggressive patients?

~Jerry Manning ADM BLDG 2

A: As Martin Luther King, Jr. said, "Violence is the language of the unheard."

Q: How do you go about getting levels as civil or NGRI patients?

~Donna Montegut' DSA

A: After the patient requests a level or privilege the treatment team makes a determination. For NGRI and civil patients, the process is then very different. See the program rules for details. However, we have been told that the Hospital is working on a level system that is uniform across all programs.

Q: How do two patients of opposite sex maintain a healthy relationship once one of the patients is discharged?

~Lisa Franklin-Underwood

A: I would have to say a lot of trust! Once one leaves they have to wait a certain amount of time to come back and visit, so it would have to be good communication between the two on the phone and by mail.

PATIENT RESPONSE BOARD

The Patient Response Board (PRB) is working on several issues. At the moment, we are working on additional programming for holidays, evenings and weekends.

On March 6, PRB members went to the Statewide Recovery Meeting. It was very informative listening to the recovery efforts being done at the State level.

If you'd like to become a PRB member, let your treatment team know. The PRB meets on Thursdays at 2 pm in group room 3. But you don't have to be a member to have your issues addressed. Please place any concerns, questions or comments for the PRB in the labeled mail boxes in your lobby or in the library.

THE PIONEER PRESS WANTS YOU TO...

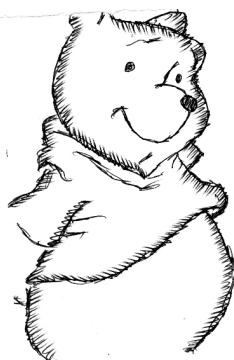
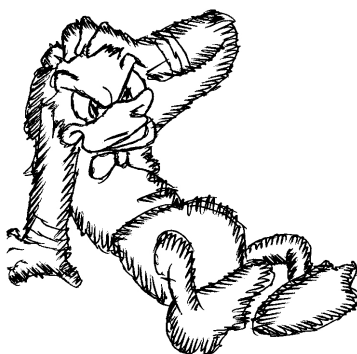
EXPRESS YOUR CREATIVITY!!!

Submit your questions, comments, original artwork, poetry, performance reviews, wish list of things you would like to see happen or changed, "Shout-outs" for staff or any other articles*. Place your submissions in the labeled mailbox in the lobby of the resident buildings or in the library.

You will be asked to sign a release so that we are able to publish your work. If you'd rather not sign such a release, then we will use only your initials on your by-line.

* Newsletter will not be complaining, accusatory, or inflammatory.

Artwork Showcase



Disney Characters
by Jonathan Williams